

An excellent new Medley. To the tune of the Spanish Pavin:

When Philomel begins to sing,
The grassie grows greene & flowers
He thinks it is a pleasant thing,
(singing, Cause her bucke-headed Husband sweze
to walke on Pinarose bill,
Maydes haue you any Conny-shins
To sell for Laces & great Pinnes?
The Pope will pardon veniall sinnes:
Saint Peter.

Fresh fish & newes grow quickly stale:
Some say god Alms can nere want sale,
But God send poore folkes Ware and Ale
enough untill they die.
Most people now are full of pybe;
The Boy sayd no but yet he lyde:
His Aunt eke to the Cock-stole ride
for folding.

Within our Towne faire Susan dwells:
Sure Meg is popson'd, for she swells,
My friend, pull off your buzzards bels,
and let the haggard flye.
Take heed you play not at Tray-trip.
Sho't heales forsooth will quickly slip.
The beagle makes folke with his whip,
dance naked.

Come Tapster tell vs whats to pay,
Jane scownd and cryde god Sir away,
She toke his kindnesse, yet sayd nay,
as Maydens vse to doe.
The man shall haue his Mare agen,
When all false knaues pzone honest men,
Our Cissy shall be Sainted then,
true Roger.

The Butcher with his masty Dog,
At Romfords you may buy a Hog,
I saith Raph Goole hath got a clog,
his wench is great with childe:
In Willes put the Bakers head,
For making of such little bread,
God conscience now a dayes is dead,
Pierce plowman.

The Catpurse and his Company
Therues finde receivers presently:
Shan Brokers, Bawdes, and Usury,
for feare of after-claps.
Lezd, what a wicked woyle is this?
The stone lets Kate she cannot pisse?
Come hit her sweet and take a kisse
in kindnesse.

In Bath a wanton wife did dwell,
She had two buckets to a well,
Would not a dog for anger swell,
to see a Pudding crepe?
The Boyseleach is become a Smith,
When halters sayle, then take a With:
They say an old man had no pith,
Rouns Robin.

Simon doth sucke by all the Egges,
Franke neuer drinks without Patnags,
And pretty Parnell shewes her legs,
as slender as my waite.
When faire Ierusalem did stand,
The match is made gine me thy hand.
Maulkin must haue a Cambycke band
blew Marched.

The Cuckow sung hard by the doze,
Gyll bzawled like a butter whoze,
Cause her bucke-headed Husband sweze
the Miller was a knaue.
God Poets leane off making playes
Let players seeke for Souldiers payes
I doe not like these drunken frayes,
in Smithfield.

Now Kypsters spurs doe gingle bzane,
John Sexton playd the arrand knane,
To digge a Coarse out of the Grant,
and steale the sheet away.
The wandring Prince of stately Troy,
Greene Aenes were wont to be my ioy,
He is a blinde and paultrey boy
god Cupid.

Come hit her friends and gine god care,
A legge of mutton stust is rare.
Take heed you doe not steale my Pare,
it is so hot it burnes.
Behold the tryall of true lone,
He tooke a scrich Owle for a Done:
This man is like ere long to pzone
a Ponsler.

His merry when kind Maltmen meet:
So Cowards fight but in the street,
He thinks this wench smells very swat,
of Puske, or somewhat else.
There was a man did play at Patn,
The whilst his wife made him a Daw,
Poor Case is altered in the Law,
quo'th Ployden.

The Meener will no shuttle sho'te,
Goe bid the Cobler mend my bo'te
He is a so'e will goe a so'te
and let his Boyse stand still.
Old John a Nokes and John a Stiles,
Many an honest man beguiles.
But all the woyle is full of wiles
and knanery.

Of treason and of Traytozs spight
The house is haunted with a spyt,
Now Nan will rise about midnight,
and walke to Richards house.
Von Courty states and Gallants all,
Climbe not so high, for feare you fall:
If one please not, another shall,
King Pippin.

Diana and her Darlings däre,
The Dutchmen ply the double Bäre:
Boyes ring the bels and make god däre,
when Kempe returnes from Rome.
Oh man what meanes thy beany loke?
Is Will not in his Mistris Woke,
Sir Rouland for a refuge toke
Dozne Castle.

Rich people haue the woyle at will
Trades fade, but Lawyers flourish still,
Lacke would be married unto Gyll:
but care will kill a Cat.
Are you there Strach with your Beares?
A Barbers shop with nitty haires.
Doll, Phillis hath lost both her eares,
for coozning.

Who list to lead a Souldiers life?
Tom would eate meat, but wants a knife,
The Tinker swoze that Tib his wife,
would play at Tptayles all
Belene my woze without an Oath
The Taylor stole some of her cloath:
When George lay sicke, Ioane made him
with Hemlocke. (bzoat)

The Patron gett the parsonage,
And Esau sold his heritage,
Now Leonard lacks-wit is so'e age
to be his Fathers heire.
There's many scratch befoze it itch,
Saul did aske counsell of a Witch,
Friend, yee may haue a Bacon stitch
at Dunmow.

King David playd on a Welch Harpe,
This thzed will neuer make god warpe
At wile mens woys each so'e will cappe
and shote their wittlese bolts.
Ioue like a Ham woze hoznes and wall,
Knew you my Hostis of the Wall,
Spuze Curio once was made a gull
in Shoreditch.

The blackamozes are blabber lip,
At Yarmouth are the Herrings ship,
And at Wythe-well the beggers whipl,
a man may itue and learne,
Giese to my heart doth stop my tongue,
The poze man still must pot by wyong,
Your way lyes there, then walks along
to Witham.

There lyes a Lasse that I lone well
The Broker bath gay clothes to sell,
Which from the Hangmans but yet
are you no farther yet?
In Summer time when Beares be rip
Who would gine fire pence for a Rip
Play Lad, or else lend me thy Pipe
and Laber.

Saint Nicholas Clarks will take a
Young chiltzen nobi can sweare and
I hope yee like me nere the woyle,
for Anding fault therewith.
The servant is the Masters mate.
When gossips meet, there's too much
Poze Lazarus types of Diues gate
baste sturued.

Make hast to Sea, and hopt by sayle
The hogs were sero'd with walking
From stithy flats, and from all fays
god Lozd deliver vs all.
I scozne to ride a raw bon'd Jade,
Fetch me a Mattocke and a Spade,
A Graues end Cofe will lone be mad
Saint Dennis.

But for to finish by my song,
The Als-wife did the Bzetrer wong
One day of sorowt sames as long
as ten dayes doe in mirth.
My Medly now is at an end,
Haue you no Botles of Trapes in
It is hard to finde so true a friend
as Damon.

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